But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?
Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in *Lester* Towne,
Whither if it please you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?
John Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris, sir Robert Brokenbury, and sir William Brandon.
Rich. Enter their bodies, as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,
That in submission will returne vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the white rose and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long hath frown'd vpon their enmitie,
What Traitor heares me, and sayes not *Amen*?
England hath long beene mad, and scard her selfe,
The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his owne son,
The sonne compeld, beene butcher to the sire,
All this diuided *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
Diuided in their dire diuision.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true succeeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if they will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac't peace,
With smiling plentie, and faire prosperous daies.
Abate the edge of Traitors gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloudie daies againe,
And make poore *England* weepe in streames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taste this lands encrease,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God say *Amen*.

FINIS.